

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.*

GRAY.

AGAIN has returned that charming season, when the fair face of nature is drest in modest smiles, and tender blushes ; when the senses are gratified with melody, and fragrance, and beauty ; and every breeze bears health upon its wings : the season and the theme on which the Poet delights to dwell, when imagination shoots forth her most vigorous branches, the heart is disposed to tenderness, and the mind loves to indulge in peaceful meditation. Who can observe the scenery of spring, when all around is harmony, health, animation and gladness ; and “*forbear to join the general smile of nature ?*” who can grovel in sensual pleasures and sordid pursuits, or torment himself with trifling cares,

“When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie,

“To raise his being and serene his soul.”—

To those who can think and feel, the season of spring is the season of reflection ; its returning verdure animates decaying hope, and leads us to anticipate that happiness which hitherto we have sought in vain ; it invigorates desire, it increases the energy with which we renew our efforts, and consoles us for past disappointment by recounting the victories of perseverance. What could exhibit a more naked and melancholy prospect, than the bosom of the earth when under the desolating hand of winter ? The leafless trees, the plains hoary with drifting snow, the ungealed current, the transient day, the long gloomy

night, the lowering heavens, and the howling storm.— But how striking and exhilarating is the contrast, when the father of tempests gives way to the soft blandishments of spring, & the dismal appearance of barrenness & death is changed to life and fertility, and music & joy. Its sympathetic influence pervades the human bosom, we again seize with avidity on the blooming promises of hope, and with increased alacrity press forward to attain felicity. To the hope-flushed enterer on the stage of life, this season is indeed highly congenial, but at the same time very dangerous ; it tells him,

—————“Here are all the pleasures

“That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,

“When the warm blood flows briskly through the veins,

“Fresh as the April buds in primrose season.”—

he drinks deep of the intoxicating cup, and too frequently becomes so besotted with the draught, so relaxed and enervated, as never to attain that firmness of soul, that maturity of intellect, and consistency of character, which alone enables us to go through life with respectability and honor. While those who have restrained the violent ebullition of youthful passion, or happily have recovered from their effects ; by tempering ardour with prudence, and regulating appetite by reason ; are enabled to enjoy the beauties of nature, and the luxury of feeling, with a higher relish, and more discriminating taste ; without endangering the nobler faculties, or losing sight of the great object of their pursuit.

This is not only the time to anticipate the future, but also to review the past : the changes of the seasons remind us of the vicissitudes of life ; and when we consider the number of springs that have bloomed, and autumns that have faded since we first beheld the face of nature ; we ought seriously to ask ourselves whether we “*have so numbered our days as to apply our hearts to wisdom ?*” This task of self-examination is too generally neglected, and the longer it is deferred, the more do we fear to commence it.

He, who while he counts the years that have rolled over his head, can find their periods marked by acquisitions of useful knowledge, and progressive virtue; by actions of generous self-denial, and liberal indulgence to the frailties of others; by resistance of temptation, and victory over the tyranny of his passions; by detecting error, and assisting to establish truth; by preventing animosity, cultivating friendship, and extending his sphere of active benevolence: to him, the review of every departed year, brings peace, and every returning spring is welcomed with grateful kindness, as affording fresh avenues of rational delight, and opportunity for farther usefulness. But what satisfaction can the re-animated world give to those whose lives have been one continual scene of criminal indulgence, or incessant plodding after superfluous riches? who never knew a tender feeling, or generous sentiment; who live unbeloved by any, and die lamented by none: for such, the simple beauties, and innocent delights of nature have no charms; and all that inspires the rich imagination of the poet, that adorns the brow of genius, that dignifies the learned; all that really can command esteem, love and veneration; is passed over with neglect, or insolent regard, by the swinish herd who wallow in low gratifications; or those who grovel in the sewers of avarice for wealth which they know not how to enjoy, and which confers no respectability while they retain. But the time must come, when however we may struggle against reflection, it will be forced upon us: even to the man of middle age, it must some times press upon his mind; that he has seen the end of one generation of fleeting beings like himself, the arrival to maturity of a second, & the commencement of a third; and if he lives to see a fourth, he must in the natural course of things, depart, and give place to those who are anxious to possess, what he will reluctantly give up; and by whom he will perhaps, be forgotten before the grass can grow upon his grave; a grave, where the sculptured stone shall vainly endeavour to preserve a name that never was honoured, and which will never be sought for again.

From reflections on the revolution of the seasons, and the succession of generations of men, the mind naturally enlarges its view to contemplate the rise, progress and confusion of nations. The general order of gradation, has hitherto been from barbarism to civilization, from civilization to refinement, from refinement to luxury, from luxury to depravity and weakness, from weakness to dissolution; and the separated parts of several nations, have formed new combinations from which others have rose into existence; but the present state of the world is very unlike any other antecedent period; the effects of the invention of

printing, and the universal activity of commerce, have diffused some portion of knowledge and science wherever mankind exchange commodities. The obstacles which prevented one portion of the inhabitants of the globe, from becoming acquainted with the history and character of others; arising from extreme distance, and great diversity of language; are now removed by the perfection of nautical skill, and the facility of translation. All mankind see and feel the advantages of commercial intercourse; almost the whole world is one vast trading community; and as wherever produce and manufactures are bartered, the seed of arts, sciences and literature will be sown; the products, wants, powers and genius of every nation will become familiar to each other; in the course of a few ages more there must necessarily be such a general similitude of manners, degree of civilization, advancement in knowledge, and concordance of every thing which results from education and intercourse; that the great discriminating features of national character, will by collision be so softened down, as to make mankind appear as one people and one family, excepting only those distinctions which nature has marked by climate and colour.

Whether this change to which we are gradually approaching, will produce more happiness and virtue than the world has yet possessed, can be known only to the great creator and governor of all; but that his providence is now so disposing the actions, minds and circumstances of the various inhabitants of the earth, as to produce a very different state of things from what has ever before existed, must be evident to every observing mind. Perhaps the ultimate end of all these concurring means, may be the promised universal prevalence of christianity, and consequently of universal felicity: but before the completion of this great work, dreadful evils, and unparralleled wickedness may intervene. The advantages which this country possesses over the nations of the eastern hemisphere are great and numerous; and Americans will do well if they seriously endeavour justly to appreciate their value.—Europe is torn by conflicting passions, and desolating wars; agitated by deadly rivalships, and threatened by the poison of ruinous principles, insinuated among all ranks of society under the specious name of *Philosophy*. Already has its active venom crossed the Atlantic, and should its emissaries prevail here also; farewell to peace and prosperity, pure morality and christian piety; farewell to the proud boast of affording an asylum to distressed humanity. The antidote is yet to be procured; seize and apply it with anxious solicitude ere it be too late, discountenance the propagators of spurious morality, and the unblushing preach-

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of infidelity : may you persevere in vigorous opposition ; may your sincere exertions be crowned with success, and may all be constrained to exclaim with *Balaam* the son of *Balak*, "blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee."

REASONS WHY WE SHOULD EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE

In favour of the Divinity of the Christian Religion.

*What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combin'd,
Shall prove, (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an imposture and a cheat ?—
The praises of the Libertine, profess'd
The worst of men, and curses of the best—*

COWPER.

1. We shall engage in this examination if we would perform a duty devolving upon every rational creature.

In the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, Luke speaking of the Bereans, says ; "These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." Now there is at least implied in this passage, that it is every man's duty to examine the evidence in favour of the Christian Religion.

All men make happiness the grand object of their inquiry. Some there are who deny a future existence, therefore the pleasure and enjoyment which this world affords are all their delight, and to acquire as much as they wish of it is the utmost of their ambition. There are others who believing in a future state of happiness and misery, earnestly desire, not only comfort in this world, but joy for ever. It is not surprising that men who differ so widely on trifling subjects, should have many opinions respecting this, of all the most important. Some men are continually studying those authors who have written on this topic, in order to be acquainted with the best way of gaining that happiness of which they stand in need. We might easily prove that all human treatises come short of that great end, whenever they speculate upon the means of procuring real peace of mind. The holy Scriptures teach us the way to solid happiness, they inform us where it is to be found, they show the manner of attaining it, and assure us of the certainty of our being made possessors of it—it is consequently our duty to examine whether this book be really a human contrivance, or what it professes to be, of divine origin.

2. This will appear to be our duty if we would follow the example of the ancients.

We learn from the history of the first ages of Christianity that the Apostles for some time confined their labours to the people of their own nation alone. At length, God saw fit to call Paul to be in a peculiar manner his minister to the Gentiles : and by divine influence granted him that authority, and those miraculous gifts of which the other Apostles were possessed. No sooner had he received the grace of God than he became indefatigable in the work and cause of Jesus Christ. He tried by all possible means, to spread the glory of his name, and left nothing unattempted to make Christ's salvation known among the Heathens. From that part of Scripture history connected with the passage quoted, we perceive that Paul whilst passing through Greece, planted two churches the one at Thessalonica, and the other at Berea : after briefly relating the circumstances which happened at both ; the historian draws their characters as above. From which we may infer, that the Apostle conceived it to be the duty of all those who do not, as well as of those who do profess to be Christians, to search the scriptures, to enquire into their authenticity, and to know the truth and certainty of those things which they relate. If it was the duty of those who lived in the Apostle's days (when vast numbers were existing who had been eye-witnesses of those facts, & who continued to attest their truth) to examine the evidence brought by the Disciples of our Lord in support of their doctrine, that they might have their understandings informed, and their minds fully convinced ; it is much more our duty in these distant ages, carefully to enquire and scrutinize into these things ; when from the nature of the case, the length of time elapsed since their performance, the difficulty of procuring ancient records, and other circumstances ; we cannot have that strong evidence which they possessed. Their example is before us, and the praise which they received for their conduct ; let us follow their steps, & pursue the same path, that we may partake of their commendation : for all those are included in it, who imitate them ; and a lasting testimony of the approbation of Heaven is given in the words, "these were more noble than those of Thessalonica." And it ought to be remarked, that no man with an unprejudiced mind, and a heart not entirely controuled with vice, ever sat down to a calm investigation of this subject, and at its conclusion remained an infidel. To those who have little time and less inclination, but who for curiosity would read a little—the following works are recommended in addition to *Paul's Evidences* and his *Horæ Paulinæ* (a most invaluable book having demonstration unanswerable in every page)

Ditton on the Resurrection, West Do. Littleton on the conversion of Paul, and the trial of the Witnesses;—and it may be asserted that a man who is not convinced by these volumes, is either blind, determined against truth, or incorrigible.

3. This is our duty, because Christ the great founder of this religion has enjoined it.

“Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.—Here is a positive precept, in reference to the duty under consideration. From the connection we learn, that Christ was disputing with the Jews who had contended against the truth of his assertions, and denied his divine mission as the Messiah whom they expected. Though he particularly addressed the Jews, and in it reproached them for their unbelief; it is alas! necessary to charge those who even profess to be Christians in these words. The Old Testament was the test to which the Lord Jesus referred them, and the criterion whereby they might judge him.—These witnessed to the truth of a Messiah as coming into the world, they gave a clear description of him, and the writers of the first part of the sacred volume left some infallible marks whereby an imposter might easily be distinguished from the real scripture Messiah. It was to these our Lord turned the attention of the Jews, and we ought, as well as they to examine the truth of his pretensions.

The Gospel displays the purest system of morality of which we can have any conception; and to prove that it is of so peculiar a kind that none ever equalled it; an author justly esteemed for his able defence of Christianity has made it expressly an evidence of the truth of the Christian Religion:—the sum of his argument on this head is thus expressed:—“The whole volume of the “New Testament is replete with piety, with what were “almost unknown to Heathen Moralists, *devotional virtues*; the most profound veneration of the Deity, an “habitual sense of his bounty and protection, a firm “confidence in the final result of his councils and dispensations, a disposition to resort upon all occasions to his “mercy for the supply of human wants, for assistance in “danger, for relief from pain, for the pardon of sin.”—The propriety of this remark is incontestable. Is this system of morality deservedly distinguished from all others? Is a correct knowledge of it to be acquired in the Gospel only? then it is certainly our duty to examine the evidence by which it is supported.

4. It is not our duty only to examine this subject—but it is a great privilege.

We have already proved by a comparison of the Hea-

then writers, with the Scriptures on the subject of a future state that the former are infinitely surpassed by the latter.—Allowing that the New Testament was written by those whose name it bears; to pretend to compare the one with the other, as it respects their human learning is absurd. If the Heathens who had all the light—natural reason (and genius could afford them, were far below the New Testament writers in the clearness of their sentiments; it follows that the latter received their information from a source with which the others were totally unacquainted.—The Gospel professes to give comfort to all who believe in it, and attend to its dictates, in all the distresses of this state, in the hour of death, and throughout eternity; it opens to us an invisible world—it displays to our view the realities beyond the grave—it informs us of an eternity of happiness or misery, to which we shall all be finally doomed according to our respective characters—it teaches us that all which it is necessary for us to do that we may for ever feel the horrors of the damned, is to live regardless of the duties which it enjoins upon us, and indifferent whether in itself it be true or false—and it shows us, that by a careful attention to its precepts we may enjoy happiness immortal.

No man will attend to the Gospel, will be restrained by it, will live according to its injunctions, or perform the duties required of him in it, until he is convinced—either by the weight of historical evidence, or by the effectual operation of the Spirit of God. The gospel positively asserts that a life of piety must precede eternal joy; for “with- “out Holiness, no man shall see the Lord.”—And that a life conformable to the sketch laid down in it, is absolutely necessary to our meeting death with peace of mind.

It hence appears, that a firm satisfaction in our own minds of the truth of the Gospel must exist before we listen to its advice; and this cannot reasonably be expected unless we attentively examine the evidence adduced in its favour.

ON PEDANTRY.

Nothing communicates more pleasure than to see a student who has opened the page of refined literature, and dwelt with improvement upon its contents. He who treads the avenues which lead to the temple of Wisdom undertakes an arduous labour; he is like a solitary traveller in a dreary waste; innumerable thorns impede the swiftness of his progress, until almost desponding he throws himself upon his bed of brambles, willing to sigh away his life in disappointment: but amidst the distressful scene, Hope holds the torch of consolation in her hand to light him on his dangerous way, and Perseverance kindly

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stimulates the enterprize. When at length each barrier has yielded to his mental prowess, and he grasps the long eluding prize, then another difficulty presents itself to know in what suitable manner to conduct himself; which originates in that buoyant passion which nature has implanted in the bosom of each individual, to display advantageously the attainments he has acquired in the pursuit of literature. He is too apt to descend into the pedant, and by his own vanity nauseate those auditors who were before prepared to listen and admire. A modest learned man is the most dignified of characters; the king in all the glittering pomp of ermined royalty may command the vulgar gaze of the idle fools of the present age, but the learned man unasked will obtain more; the respect of the present, and the veneration of the future. But he should shun pedantry. Why need the ignorance of one man be insulted by the learning of another? why should *Classicus* in all the awful scenery of foreign learning parade his erudition when *Stultitius* to whom he is then talking looks at him with amazement and doubts the sanity of his mind. The one who might be respectable becomes ridiculous: the other still retains the original texture of his own character, and remains as he always was contemptible. I cannot avoid smiling when I examine a book composed by a pedantic author; there is an invariable criterion to discover him. The writings of a man are the chief index of his mind. I would desire no surer indicative of the genius, disposition and temper of an individual than to peruse the effusions of his pen. Of an author who writes on a particular subject each line is a mirror to reflect his image to the world. Of all writers the pedant is the most detestable. On his title page or immediately over his essay is some quotation in uncommon characters: This serves to engage the eye of the wandering reader, who struck by the uncouthness of its Greek or Hebraic appearance, pauses for a moment at the top, then looks at the signature, and frightened, passes on in silence, convinced of the erudite talents of the author. It answers another purpose which probably the pedant never once reflected on, it tells the reader of information that the author has seen the same subject treated on else where, and he intends to plagiarize without giving direct notice. An appropriate quotation when cited in opposition with submissive deference or if in unison with honest exultation is justifiable, but when it enameled the whole production, the book becomes a compilation from various authors often injudiciously arranged. A reader of common cast is often pleased with this appearance; he is pleased but he knows not why; he attempts to point out some beauty of the author but unfortunately such beauty

is a quotation. *Addison's* travels are extremely entertaining to most readers, not so much from his own genius, as from the borrowed sentences interspersed throughout the work. Plagiarism is theft; quotation little less, it is borrowing without the permission of the owner. Such is the pedantic author: but pedantry is not confined to serious compositions. The jovial hour of conviviality and the tissue of epistolary friendship, is often inspired by it. The following is part of a letter I lately received from *Pomposo*.

"I have been since my absence to see our old friend *Rhymewell*, but like most poets

Gaudet monstis, mentisque tumultu.—LUCAN.

He informed me that our old acquaintance *Benevolus* was dead. He was then writing his epitaph. Yes my friend, *Benevolus* the partner of our infant pleasures is no more,

Mortalitatem Explevit.—TACIT. A. 3.

But who would not wish to die when he sees his friends daily passing "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns" the whole world too decaying around him

Vitæ est avidus, quisquis non vult,

Mundo secum pereunte, mori.—SENEC. TRAG.

When we reflect upon the uncertain tenure of our lives how can we pass it on in idle frivolity

Pensa, che questo di mai non raggiara.—DANTE PAROD.

But to return to *Rhymewell*. I am much pleased with some of his performances—he is sometimes gay sometimes severe but always wild and romantic

Nomen in exemplum sero servabimus ævo—MILTON.

In reading some of his compositions I have been delighted and sincerely wish you could partake in the perusal of a manuscript more valuable than any *Herculaneum* or *Pompeia* can boast a manuscript which

Mirantur taciti—STAT.

I have on my return from visiting him to *Classic Hall* been attacked by the most tremendous storm that the heavens ever prepared

La piovà maladetta, fredda e greve

Regola, e qualita (estrana) e nuova

Grandine grossa, ed acqua tinta e neve,

Per l'aer tenebroso si riverso—DANTE. INFERNO.

I shall shortly leave the charming retreats of rural solitude, for the busy scene of commerce. The poet will drop unheeded from my once careful hand and its place be supplied by the tiresome Ledger. My recently unexpected misfortunes make me exclaim in the words of *Boileau*.

Laisse là tous les livres

Exerce toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes sciences.

Prens au lieu d'un Platon, ce Guidon des finances.

Knowing that you are opposed to many quotations I have been very sparing in this epistle. I begin myself to dislike

it. "Apropos" pardon the following as it is a weapon in your own defence.

Hic liber est *conglutinatus* ex tam multis libris, quot unus pinguis cocus oves, boves, sues, grues, anseres, passerres coquere, aut unus fumosus calefactor centum magna hypocausta ex illis calefacere possit ——— Epist. Obscurorum Virorum."

Who can read this epistle without smiling at *Pomposo*. Latin, English, French and Italian all *conglutinated* into one curious compound.

YELSE.

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*Mr. Easy*

Your correspondent *Pericles*, I presume is some old cynic, who having lost all relish for the charming delights of female society, wishes to depreciate our sex, and render us disliked by your sex. He forgets that the defects of which he complains are all owing to the men, I myself, Sir, am an example; and to give you a short sketch, of my manner of life to my present age, (nineteen) with a few remarks, will prove that however just some of his ideas may be—we girls are not to be blamed.

My father is a man who from the very lowest situation in life has *worked* himself into a large fortune. He married when he was about forty, my mother, who was exactly his contrary. He is very ignorant, (I am sorry to say it,) impolite, and coarse; but honest in his dealings.—She was quite the *fine lady*.—He married her because she was a *dashing girl*, who coquetted much, dressed much, spent much, and possessed as he thought a fortune; which in the event appeared to be seven negroes. She married him, because she expected to have money at her command. From this match I am sprung, and the consequences have been altogether such as might be expected. My father's companions have been always men like himself; those who from the dregs of society have been exalted to the highest rank in it by the power of money—My Mother's visitors were giddy, thoughtless women, who dressed, gamed, and talked scandal—In a house of this kind was I brought up.—My Father hated learning, because he had it not; my Mother because it was too troublesome to attain: The result is, that the little which I know has been acquired by me since my mother's death. At the age of fourteen, having two black girls to attend me day and night, the utmost which I would do was to write my name, and read a novel. I at fifteen was introduced into company, was taught the most elegant mode of displaying, myself and the most delicate way of exhibiting what nature and chasity say should be concealed,

So that there might be no room for imputations on my character. I was placed at the card table, as the school in which all the refinements of ogling, finessing, and boldness might be learnt, without any possibility for improper remarks.

Now, Sir, I appeal to you, whether any other effect could be expected than what I experienced—All my delight was to inflame my imagination by the most voluptuous books, to indulge myself in familiarities with the *puppies* who were admitted to our parties, and to receive those attentions which have no other tendency than to foster pride, and to corrupt the heart—Thus passed three years of my life, all of which was spent in an incessant round of folly, dissipation, and indolence.—Those men whom I was taught to consider, as men of talents, and superior learning joined with the rest and paid infinitely more attention to us *flirts*, than to some ladies who had really just views of their situation and duties, and whom *respect* alone induced sometimes to join in our evening's frivolous amusements—This established in my mind the propriety of the general practice, that all a young woman's object is to attract the notice of the men; and that the means are of no importance, so that the effect is produced; for it is true that women are regarded by the generality of young men, according to their dress, or rather their undress, and not in proportion to their accomplishments, *sense or virtue*.

My mother's death, which I sincerely lamented, and which necessarily confined me for some time, gave me an opportunity to think; and the honest freedom of a female who was almost a stranger, but whom I hold now to be the best of my friends, has saved me from contempt and ignominy.—In consequence of the change which appears in my character, and habits, I am discarded by my former companions, who visit me no longer; and it is highly proper, for they would hinder much precious time which I have not now to waste. But I have gained in their stead a few acquaintances, who are universally respected and esteemed for their integrity, their worth and their piety.—The dangerous situation which was then unknown to me, in which I stood at the time of my mother's death,—the means which my friends used to alter my character,—and the happy result with respect to myself would render this letter too long—I shall in another epistle detail them to you, and in the mean time—

I am, truly, your's &c.

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letter appoint a day when I shall expect Mr. Easy to tea.

Mr. Easy presents his compliments to Miss S. and will be happy to see her second letter. He will also hold himself in readiness to accept her promised invitation to tea, which he hopes may be soon. As she has been an admired *Flirt*, he supposes she must be handsome; and he is certain that the alteration in her character will never prove injurious to her beauty.

### ANECDOTES.

A countryman very much marked with the small-pox, once applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as his worship expected, "Fellow, (said he in a rage) I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not, *but I am sure you have been inoculated for stupidity*,"—"Why, an please you, (replied the man) perhaps, as you say, *I might be inoculated for stupidity*; but there was no occasion to perform that operation upon your worship, *for you seem to have had it in the natural way*."

During the time of a heavy shower, a gentleman on the banks of the Thames seeing an angler sitting very composedly in a boat, without either hat or wig on, called out to him to know what sport he had, and why he exposed his bald head to the pelting of the pitiless storm? "Why faith, (replied the gentle swain) my hat is at the bottom of the boat, full of water, to put the fish in *when I have caught 'em*; and my wig I have put in my pocket, that it may not wet my head and give me a cold: as to sport, I have had none yet, but, as I suppose the fish are all got under the arch of the bridge to keep themselves *dry* during this heavy shower, *as soon as it is over*, I will go and angle *there*."

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when at college, was remarkable for the vivacity of his manners, and humour of his observations. In a conversation on the powers of the letter *H*, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a *letter*; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

A person who delighted in a pun, and could not forego the pleasure of one, thought it might lose him a friend, was known to be a great epicure, and to consider a dish of woodcocks as a feast of embrosia. His friends, who had

frequently smarted under his lash, perceiving his weak side, determined he should feel the *lex talionis*;—accordingly, one evening they introduced a stranger, who in the course of conversation, mentioned how the part he came from abounded in game. This immediately roused the epicure's attention, and he asked if there were any woodcocks.—"Great plenty, (replied the stranger) they are brought by baskets every market-day; and are sold for a mere trifle per couple." Such an opportunity was not to be lost. As earnestly as an alderman prays for turtle, the punster desired the gentleman to send him a basket, that he might treat himself and his acquaintance. The request was complied with, and the basket arrived. His friends attended to see it opened. "Oh!" said he, as he loosed the cords, what a glorious sight we shall have! a whole basket of *woodcocks*, the very essence of luxury!" With eagerness he lifted up the lid, *but who can paint the punster as he stood*, when instead of his favorite game, he beheld a number of *spiggots and faussets*.

O'erwhelmed with shame, and disappointed quite,  
He hung his head, and sicken'd at the sight.

*Iwan*, shall appear in our next.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following verses which were written several years ago, the author never designed to publish; but having got possession of them, I cannot withhold from my readers a specimen of my friend's early genius. If my partiality does not deceive me, they will be found to breath the genuine spirit of Love and Poetry.

#### ADDRESS TO THE RARITON.

Hail, *Rariton*, the boast of *Jersey's* plain,  
Of all thy numerous sister streams the pride,  
That roll, their names unaltered to the main,  
Or lose them, wedded to some mightier tide.

Oft have I seen thee from thy humble spring  
Where wood-crown'd *Schooley*,\* rears his rugged head,  
O'er his black rocks thy whiten'd torrent fling,  
And rage impetuous thro' thy broken bed.

Then lost in woods, imperious shape thy way,  
Heard loud (sweet nature's Music) though unseen,  
Till smoothed, yet rapid, rushing into day,  
Paint the gay Heavens in thy glassy plain.

Still as thou wind'st along the smiling vale,  
And bending striv'st t' extend thy fost'ring sway;  
Each grateful field assumes a deeper green,  
And by adorning hastens to repay.

\* (*Schooley*) a mountain in *Jersey*.



The tow'ring Hemlocks interpose their shade,  
And on thy banks the Conic Cedars rise,  
To keep thee tranquil in thy lowly bed,  
While the loud tempest sweeps athwart the skies.

Ah, let me still thy sinuous course pursue,  
While many a sudden bend, still cheats my way—  
Again thou meet'st my long enquiring view,  
Where the gay sunbeams on thy waters play.

Thence let me trace thee, where in gay increase  
Thou visit'st *Sidney's* hospitable dome;—  
Dear seat of plenty, health, and rural peace;  
And every pleasure virtue calls her own.

But chief, of beauty——blest with ev'ry grace  
That sportive nature to her fav'rite gives:  
An angel's person; and an angel's face,  
An angel's mind;—'tis here *Maria* lives.

With every charm that cities can impart,  
*Maria* boasts what cities cannot show;  
Unwarped simplicity, a guileless heart,  
Pure and unsullied as the virgin snow.

All-lovely Nature! still thou warm'st my breast,  
Though clothed in tatters at the cottage door:  
But, when in Heav'n's own radiant image drest,  
T'admire is cold!—I hail thee and adore!

Can all the slipp'ry polish art affords,  
Th' obedient smile that waits at will to start;  
The phrase composed with all the pomp of words—  
Pay for one warm effusion of the heart.

Pay for the smile illumining the face,  
With sweet contagion spreading all around;  
The hand frank-offered, whose untutored grace  
Expects a friend, and welcomes him when found;

Let me kind Heaven, if it be my lot  
From youth to age the whole long course to run,  
Find nature a companion in my cot;  
And toss to kings their sceptre and their crown.

Flow on loved *Rariton*!—to other scenes  
Thy tributary waste of beauties pour——  
No banks can grace thee like these happy plains,  
No verdure crown thee as on *Sidney's* shore.

No eye so bright as fair *Maria's* trace  
Thy tangled current glitt'ring 'neath the beam;  
No form so fair, reflected in thy face,  
Shall look the smiling goddess of the stream.

Flow murmuring on—too soon to quit the shades,  
And sylvan honors that adorned thy wave;  
The Prow too soon thy tranquil breast invades,  
And busy commerce claims thee as its slave.

FRANKLY.

## THE GRAVE OF SADI.

"Tread lightly on his ashes for he was your Brother." ST ERNE.

Let no rude step approach yon sacred spot,  
O'er which the Cypress throws its friendly shade;  
There slumbers *Sadi*, all his toils forgot,  
And in his grave an honest heart is laid.

His soul was form'd of Nature's tenderest clay,  
And when misfortune's tale he chanc'd to hear,  
His dusky bosom heav'd to nature's sway,  
And softly down would steal the silent tear.

But ah! Affliction claimed him for her son,  
And for his liberty soon made a grave;  
The Tyrant blush'd, when he his chains put on,  
And Freedom sigh'd when he was made a slave.

Still would he toil through summers scorching ray,  
And not one sigh escape his manly heart,  
Except when mem'ry brought to view the day  
That Slavery forc'd him from his home to part.

Then every home-felt joy and dear delight  
Would in succession rise before his mind;  
In fancy oft he heard his friends invite,  
To shake off life and leave his foes behind.

Oft when the labor of the day was o'er,  
'Ere he betook him to his hard-worn bed,  
He'd speak with rapture of his native shore,  
And mourn the joys that were forever fled.

How he his native wilds had rambled through,  
Cheer'd with sweet friendship's captivating voice;  
With pleasure swift his happy moments flew,  
For friendship bids each generous heart rejoice.

Oft would he say, when he had pass'd death's door,  
His joys, his pleasures, then would all renew;  
Again he'd dwell on *Afric's* happy shore,  
And bid to toil and slavery adieu.

The way-worn beggar oft at evening's close,  
From his kind heart found respite from his grief;  
'Twas pleasure to his soul to heal their woes,  
And to their wants administer relief.

The heart that oft array'd his face with smiles,  
Now beats no more, and when the wretched come,  
They'll find him gone to range his native wilds,  
To live at liberty and live at home.

SOLUS.

A part of this impression was worked of before the following error  
was discovered in the Poetry.

Page 207, 3rd verse, 1st line...for imperious read impervious.

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